When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your untimely clasping with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh)
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowres, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch farwell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as neare to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne;
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to have his head,
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a lothed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her private actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will advance you *Thaliard*:

Behold

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cooke your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live flye after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archer hits the marke, his eye doth levell it: so do thou never returne, unlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile make him sure enough: so farewell to your highnesse.

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe us:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so used, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe, can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am to little to contend,